

Cc

June 27, 2009 Hi, Charlene,

You're probably having tons of adventures at camp. There's always so much going on, day and night, that activities are non-stop, like an endless party. Food is a big part of camp. At Camp Stonycroft, we all (boys and girls) loved eating at the mess hall three times a day. A bell would "dong" and we lined up. "Cooks" who wore caps/hairnets in order to keep their hair out of our food served. These boys were paid for theft summer work and were fast and fun. If we wanted extra cream, they'd get it for us.

More sausage, too? Yes. Indeedy.

One day the camp announced that we would be entertaining an important visitor next week. Her name was Emily Post. Most kids knew that Emily Post was the Queen of Etiquette and had a manners column in newspapers across the country. Imagine, Emily Post coming to visit our camp in Shelby, Michigan! For the next week, we worked on our manners in order to impress her: no elbows on the table, always use polite language, no stuffing in food, no yelling or tossing someone a muffin at the next table, etc.

Finally, the big day arrived. Emily Post was "pulling up" and was announced at dinnertime. We looked toward the door and there, walking in was a counselor holding a wooden p4 dressed up with a bonnet, dress and apron. She wore a sign, "Emily Post". I guess it was a big joke, but I thought it was a royal rip off. All that work by us campers and no reward -- only a silly dressed-up post carried from table to table. That's when I started to not believe everything counselors said.

Another adventure was when my good friend, Lyn Havens from Joplin, Missouri, and I were sitting one summer evening on the rickety wooden grandstand behind the chain link fence around home plate. We were watching a softball game at night between the counselors.

Lyn was my age, 14-15, and my height. She had tightly curled short red hair, a cute ski-shaped nose adorned by freckles, and a rosebud smile. She laughed a lot. I intuitively knew that she was "an old soul" who was down to earth and comfortable to be around.

After 30 minutes of gametime, the batter hit a fly ball. It went high, high in the air, over the backstop fence and landed squarely on the top of Lyn's red curls. It happened so fast that no one had time to duck or move. Lyn looked startled. The ball bounced hard off of her head and through the bench seats onto the ground.

Everyone stared. People came over. Lyn shook her head, sort of laughed and said, "What happened?" The counselors took her down from the grandstand and made her lie down a moment while they checked her out.